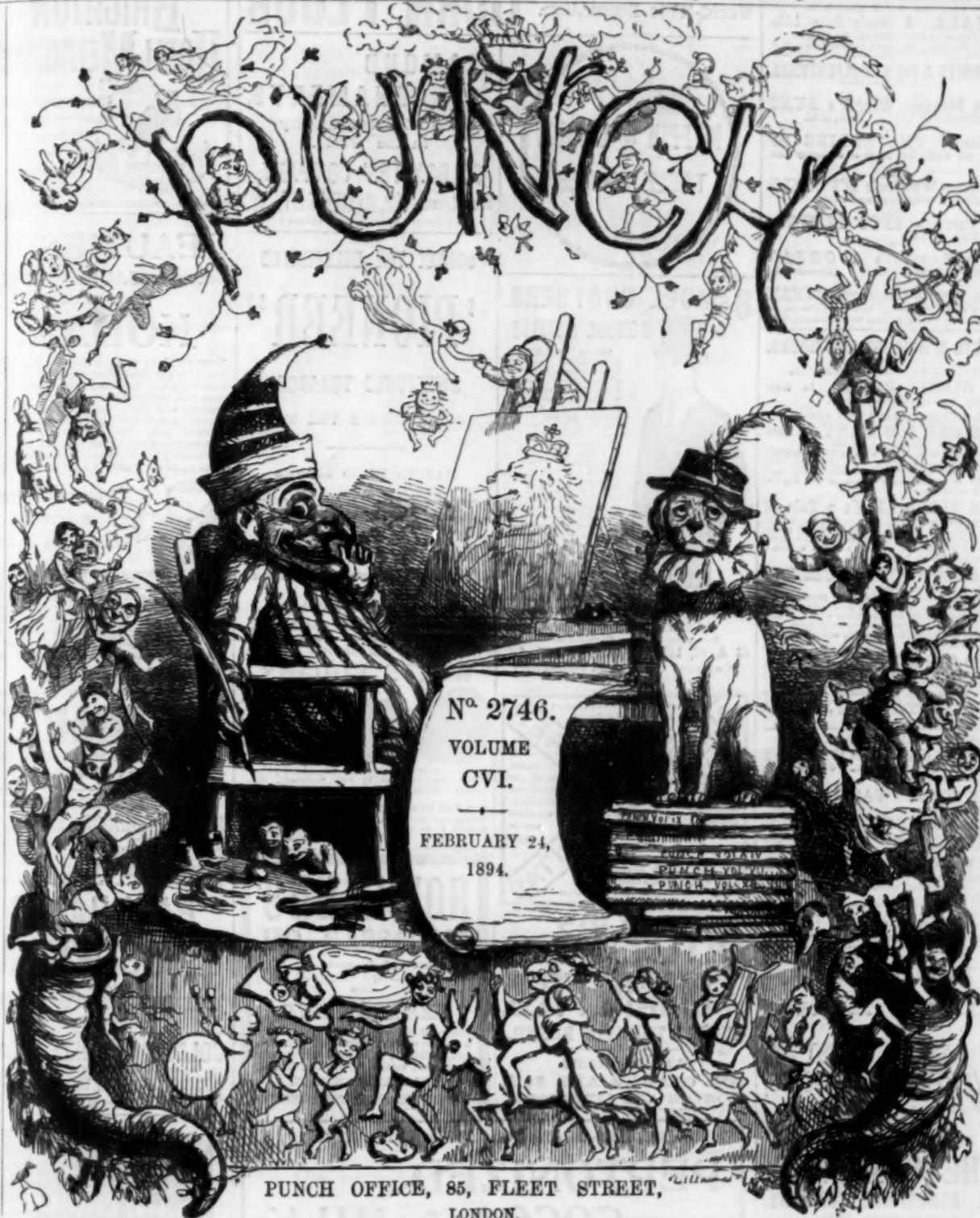


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DIALOGUE BOOK.

(To be Translated into Half-a-dozen Foreign Languages for the use of Unwelcome Guests.)

Question. Is this Scotland Yard?

Answer. Certainly, Sir; and as you are a foreigner you will be treated with every consideration.

Q. Is not Scotland Yard the Head-quarters of the Police?

A. Yes, Sir; but the Police have nothing to do with foreigners.

Q. Have not the Police duties at Charing Cross?

A. Assuredly, Sir. It is their business to regulate the traffic and to tell flower-girls to move on.

Q. But ought they not to prevent the use of inflammatory language?

A. Practically, no. It would be a legal action to arrest a traitor, but it is considered to be better not to attempt anything of the sort.

Q. Does the Home Secretary endorse this seemingly rather mistaken clemency?

A. Certainly; by the advice of the police.

Q. But if wild words are tolerated, will not the weakness shown by the authorities encourage wild deeds?

A. Possibly; but that is a matter for counsel's opinion.

Q. But would such an opinion naturally prevent the occurrence of an outrage?

A. Perhaps not naturally; but it is invariably best to



SO LIKE HIM!

Anxious Wife (to Husband, who has "an occasional touch of gout" after any particularly good bachelor dinner at Club). "O, MY DEAR, I DO HOPE YOU WERE CAREFUL."

Self-indulgent Husband (crustily). "CAREFUL! I SHOULD RATHER THINK I WAS. I WAS VERY CAREFUL—NOT TO MISS A SINGLE DISH."

THE NAVAL CONTEST.

(Translated from a Latin Fragment lately found in Oxford.)

THEN suddenly, while the runners in due order stand intent upon the river-bank, bursts forth the explosion heralding the start. TIMMIUS, a man not unused to shocks, himself the arbiter of destiny, stands, firm and determined, above the lethal tube now vomiting forth clouds of thick smoke and hateful noise; TIMMIUS, a sailor of rosy face and rotund figure, to whom daily the Oxonian tribes bear offerings of stout beees, hissing and juicy from the spit, or of sheep, a wool-bearing herd, pastured where the red-bearded Welshmen hold rule over tracts unpronounceable by merely mortal mouths. There he stands, like to a rock beaten upon in vain by furious waves, and surveys, calm and not unconscious of duty accomplished, the tumult of them that with loud cries and clangour of hideous instruments speed past him. And now the contest waxes fierce. One behind the other the ships cleave the water. The churned stream froths and eddies with the repeated blow of broad oars. Not otherwise in Libyan Desert the famished lion spies from afar his frail-limbed prey. His eyes glowing, he hurls his body through the air, roaring with hope of food, and the vault of heaven reverberates. So on the stream the ships spring forth, each upon its destined victim, and on every side fierce cries, the anticipation of triumph or the warning of defeat, are borne aloft upon the wings of the affrighted wind.

First behold, flashing in warlike array over the smooth expanse of water, the ship of them that worship the Brazen Nose, a pious race of muscle-bearing men rendering at all times a due obedience to their rulers, delighting in fire and battle and the clash of contending arms. Lo, their broad backs bend forward unanimous, their flanks heave, their eyes bulge from the sockets, and from their matted hair the streaming sweat bedews their faces and all their vestments. The helmsman, small in stature but in glamour a man, with wide-open mouth exhorts them ever to renewed effort, reminding them of the great deeds of them that went before, and not unwittingly deceiving them both as to the lengths gained and the distance yet to be traversed. They, heedless of everything save the instant backs of

the untiring pursuers, pant and toil, their hands shoot forth as when from the stricken wall the ball rebounds; forward they swing and back, and the air is filled with foam. Far away in quiet homes their kindly mothers sit, each engaged upon her allotted task of wool and needle, or conversing with female slaves as is meet for them that rule a household. They reck not of the labour of their sons, but, each considering her own the handsomest and most famous, they go about the simple duties of the day in peace and calm. So when the hen, having duly hatched forth alien eggs, has reared a tribe of ducklings, she busies herself on land after the manner of hens. But her downy brood ruffle with web-footed endeavour the surface of a lake, forgetting the firm earth and the toil of the hen-mother. Whom she on a sudden perceiving calls back anxiously and in vain, and the surrounding hills give back her cries of sorrow. Not otherwise the mother of men, when she has become aware of their bodily contests and the perils hardly to be avoided by those that wield the oar, addresses herself to her neglectful sons, imploring them to desist. Vainly seeks to restrain their ardour and invades their obdurate hearts with anxious counsel of woollen garments and foot-coverings to be changed when Jupiter has burst in showers from the sky and all the land is soaked in water.

(Here the fragment ends.)

LIFE-BOAT CHORUS.

(As sung at R-mag-te.)

MAN the Life-boat! MAN the Life-boat!
We're sons of the sea!
When the life-boat is wanted,
Then ready are we!
Where's the life-boat? Where's the life-boat?
Our devotion's sublime!
She has stuck! on a sand-bank!
And it's not the first time!

WHY is Sir DRURIOLANUS, crossing in a L. C. & D steamboat from Calais to Dover in a strong N.W. breeze, like a beautiful singing bird?—Because he's a Knight-in-gale.

have public opinion on the right side.

Q. But how can the air be cleared when there is no action on the part of the authorities?

A. By an explosion.

Q. But will not an explosion be disastrous to the public?

A. By the theory of chances; but as a matter of fact the greatest (and almost only) sufferers by the outrages have been the perpetrators themselves. Which is as it should be.

OUR BARTERERS.—

LITERATURE.—I have a valuable copy of XENOPHON's *Anabasis* (a good deal stained with ink), and a *CÆSAR De Bello Gallico* (some pages missing, and the rest dog-eared), with BOHN's admirable *Translations* to both. Also one or two old Grammars, Arithmetics, Histories, and Atlases, all imperfect. Very fine old copy of a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and an *Excerpta* from Livy, with manuscript annotations, possibly by some great Scholast of the past. Am giving up the Classics, thank Heaven, and going out to the Cape, as my father declines to keep me in his house any longer. What offers? Would sell the lot for a double-barrelled Express rifle suitable for elephant-shooting. Reply at once, or shall be compelled to make bonfire of the above in our back garden.—Address, "STUDENT," &c.



THE BILLET-DOUX.

Madame La Republique. "WHAT! A LOVE-LETTER? AND TO MY RIVAL TOO?"
Bear (blandly). "OH, M-MERELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS, MY DEAR!"



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

"NO BATHING TO-DAY!"

THE BILLET-DOUX; OR, BEAUTY AND THE BEAR.

[On February 10, the Russo-German Commercial Treaty was signed in the palace of the Imperial Chancellor. The treaty is based on the most favoured nation clause, so that Russia, in return for the reduction of her import duties, is granted the advantages of the German tariff.]

Bear (complacently). By Jove! I have done it! Played for it and
They can't out-diplomatise Bruin! [won it!
Feel frolic and fizzy. 'Twill gratify BIZZY,
And foil foes intent on my ruin.
"Most favoured"—by GRETCHEN? Oh, I must be fetchin'
I'll drop her a line—see my way to it.
There! Suited, I'd say, to St. Valentine's Day!
I wonder what Someone would say to it? [Chuckles.

Beauty (entering softly). Aha! Dear old covey, my shaggy sweet
lovey!

He's looking quite merry and mellow!

As busy as ever! The dear, brawny, clever,
Rough-coated, soft-hearted old fellow!

A letter? I'll wager the artful old stager

Is planning a little surprise for me.

With GRETCHEN philander? He never could stand her,

And lately has only had eyes for me!

Approaches on tiptoe and peeps over his shoulder.

Peep-bo! (shrieks). What is this, Sir? GERMANIA? and

Ah, terr-ait-orrr! most false and perfidious! [Mias, Sir?

Love-letter? To her, man, the heavy-jowled German

You swore was so hateful and hideous?

You—perjured—old—rascal! Explaining will task all

Your usual astuteness, my URSA;

But three months ago we were DARBY and JOAN,

And now—ah! 'tis quite vice versa.

Bear. My dear—!

Beauty. Don't dear me, Sir; but just let me see, Sir,—

At once—the inside of that letter!

Toulon!—oh! 'tis shocking! You grabbed my "old stocking,"

And now—treat that Teuton minx better

Than me, your old flame, Sir! A rascally shame, Sir!

Support me! I faint!! I've a dizziness!!!

A soft billet-doux, Sir, to GRETCHEN, from you, Sir!—

Bear (insinuatingly). Nay, love!—a mere matter of business!

DOWN ON THE DUMPS!

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants a new and unobjectionable source of revenue, let him tax, and tax heavily (say half as heavily as they tax us), the pевish young prigs who persist in writing (and publishing) and stories and pessimistic "poems"!

If the world were half as dull and dreary as they say and sing—which it isn't—all the more reason for brightening it, all the less excuse for adding literary dumps to life's dismal.

To adapt, once more, the other and greater WILLIAM:—

Sigh no more, cynics, sigh no more;	Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Dumps are superfluous ever;	Of dumps so dull and heavy;
Disease is booh, dulness a bore,	Pessimist poets rail and roar,
Your pessimist's not clever.	A tax on them let 's levy!
Then sigh not so, but bid them go,	Then sigh no more, but bid them go,
And be ye blithe and bonny,	Let song be blithe and bonny!
Converting all their wails of woe	Its themes, instead of gall and woe,
To Life's mirth and Love's honey!	Life's sweets and True Love's honey!

A KNIGHT OF OUR DAYS.

[Sir HARRY VERNEY, born December 8, 1801; died on February 12, 1894, in his ninety-third year.]

He bore "the grand old name of gentleman,"

"Without abuse," to life's extremest span.

Liberal, loyal, friend of all reform.

A frame so sturdy, and a heart so warm,

Seldom held life to such fair length of days.

A perfect, gentle knight, whom all may praise;

For chivalry ne'er shone in field or tourney.

More brightly than in brave Sir HARRY VERNEY.

OUR BARTERERS.—MODEL YACHT.—Scooped out on the premises, from a bit of unseasoned deal. Leaks badly. Its lines have been much admired by bargemen on the Grand Junction Canal. Has one mast at present, but room for ten or twenty more on deck. Might, if fitted with new rudder, and a lot more lead on keel, get across the Round Pond with safety on a calm day. If carrying a cargo of buns and biscuits (for which there is ample space), would create a furor among the ducks. Try it for your little ones! No reasonable offer refused. Not sent on approval.

DUCAL DUMB SHOW.

(Being some Account of a Spectacular and Terpsichorean Tour from Addison Road to Constantinople.)

YOUNG HAROLD, Duke of ORLEIGH, was master of an Old English mansion and a "picturesque estate," with appropriately picturesque tenantry, all young and lovely, and exquisitely dressed. As it was May-Day, and his twenty-first birthday, he determined to celebrate the occasion by starting on a journey to foreign lands with his friend, Viscount RASHLEIGH, who, according to the Argument, had "vowed to accompany HAROLD, and share his pleasures and his dangers." So the villagers rose to the occasion, and determined to give the young Duke what is professionally known as a "show off." First of all they crowned his guardian's daughter Queen of the May, and then they sang him congratulatory choruses, and presented him with a bouquet, whereupon he expressed heartfelt gratitude by extracting several yards of invisible tape from his mouth, and indicating by a few masterly gestures that his trunks were all packed for the journey, and that he hoped his rascally valet had not forgotten his sponge-bag. Next came the indispensable ceremony of the "Reading of the Will," which was performed by the family solicitor, attired as a herald. The will was on a scroll, and he unrolled about three inches of it, just to give an idea of the general effect, and the document was then, very sensibly, "taken as read."

any notice, thinking, perhaps, that he would see ballets enough during his tour, and conscious, besides, that his time with the fair ISABELLE was getting shorter and shorter. The villagers indeed, amiable and sympathetic as they were, were just a shade deficient in tact. They would not understand, though the Duke did his best to convey the idea by imitating the actions of flying and swimming for their benefit, that they were confoundedly in his way, and that he would prefer to say farewell to his *fiancée* with rather less publicity. No, they had learnt a chorus of valediction expressly for this occasion, and they were not the people to let him off a line of it. So they stayed to see the very last of him. For, although his betrothed was positively broken-hearted at parting with him, and doing all that could be done in dumb show to induce him to postpone his journey under the circumstances, it was no use—he wouldn't stay. The gilded barge which was to convey him direct from the ornamental lake of his ducal grounds to the coast of Spain was waiting at the steps, and, after pulling sufficient tape to indicate that he was going simply from a strong sense of duty, and for the purpose of improving his mind by foreign travel, and that he would be sure to come back some day and go on with the betrothal, he stepped on board, to the inconsolable grief of his *fiancée* and another equally young and lovely lady, whose affection and despair produced unworthy suspicions of the Duke's constancy, until it was ascertained from the programmes that she was only his mother, the dowager-duchess. So the vessel slowly paddled away with him and



THE HEIR TO THE DUKE-DUMB.

But it was generally understood that the young Duke had bequeathed the title to the next of kin, in case of accidents.

After that he met ISABELLE, and recognised in her not only the Queen of the May, but "the fair companion of his youth." One might have thought that, as she was his guardian's daughter, and there was nothing to indicate that they had ever been separated hitherto, he need not have put off his recognition quite so long. But that is the keynote of the Duke's character. He is dilatory. Well, HAROLD, having recognised the fair ISABELLE, naturally went on to experience the "Dawn of Love," which made a heavy demand on his internal supply of tape. And in about two seconds they were betrothed, and a pint of wine was served to the populace in six tin cups, while, in a spirit of gentle irony, they exhorted each other, in chorus, to—"Your goblets fill to the brim, And drain them to the end!"

At this stage the Viscount who was to be HAROLD's travelling companion arrived, and tape was pulled on both sides in reckless profusion, while the Viscount was introduced to his friend's brand-new betrothed, and they all retired to a little buffet on a balcony next to the front door, from which they ignored the revels. This was a pity, as they were well worth looking at. The villagers had really taken immense pains over the affair; they brought out graduated green platforms and stood on them in attitudes; they played peep-bo behind bunches of lilac and cowslip; then all the green and violet gardeners made themselves into a kind of hedge, out of which pink flower-girls ran, saw the audience, turned suddenly shy, and popped in again, exactly like rabbits. Then they finished up by dancing round maypoles, but the Duke wouldn't take

the Viscount. There was a little table on deck, with a gilt decanter and goblets, in case they desired to assuage their sorrow, but, with all its luxurious appointments, it seemed the sort of craft that would be likely to have a lively time of it in the Bay of Biscay.

However, we were in Spain before we knew where we were, and there was local colour in the shape of a pantomimic representation of the rivalry of two *toréadors* for the hand of "the pretty PEPITA," who, the Argument informed us, was to be "given in marriage to the victor in the coming bull-fight," to which they all went in procession. After that, the Duke came rattling on in a coach and six. He was too late for the bull-fight, but he did not seem to mind that. His first act on alighting was to return thanks to the chandelier for preserving him from being tipped into the orchestra. Then PEPITA's father rushed on and began to ramp about, and pretend to pull off his eyebrows and offer them for the strangers' inspection, and pat himself on the pulse with fierce approval. This, however, was merely the old gentleman's way of announcing that one of the *toréadors* had been "wounded by the bull through the treachery of his rival," which elicited much sympathy (of course, in the form of tape) from the kindly young Duke. So they carried the wounded man in on a mat, and PEPITA felt his heart and thought there was life in him still, and HAROLD gave him "a purse of gold," and he recovered promptly. Then there were great rejoicings, and a Spanish dance, followed by evening prayers, after which we were abruptly hurried off to Vienna, where we found "a fair in full progress." A wonderful scene it was, too, with clowns, wire-walkers, acrobats, quack doctors, dogs, monkeys, and showmen, all too busy with their own performance to have time to attend to that

of anybody else. Unfortunately the change was so rapid that the young Duke and his friend the Viscount couldn't possibly get there in time; perhaps their coach broke down, or they ran out of tape, or something; at all events, the Duke did not turn up till near the end, while, so far as we could observe, the Viscount never turned up at all, and consequently missed one of the very best things in the whole entertainment.

Then came an interval of several minutes, and the Second Act began in Roumelia. Here the Duke was more dilatory than ever; he arrived just too late to rescue a Turkish Princess from being captured by brigands, and sold as a slave, and he entered Constantinople on horseback, characteristically, at a sedate trot, "bringing intelligence of the capture of the Princess," thereby interrupting the triumphal procession of the Prince, who was coming in with "Virgins in White," and "Turks in High Turbans and Gay Caftans," and "Ladies of the Harem in Transparent Veils," and "Armenian Camels carrying loads of costly Garments," and "Dancing Negresses," and, very naturally, did not relish such an ill-timed interruption. However, HAROLD explained everything by snatching off a grey wig and beard from a respectable Oriental, and revealing that he was not really elderly at all, but had quite black hair, which

so pleased the Prince that he took the young Duke into favour, and "high honours were offered." But all the modest nobleman would accept was "permission to witness the revels that were to follow." He probably felt that, as, by some fatality, he had invariably missed the revels all through the piece, this was his last chance of seeing any. He also intimated, so it was stated in the Argument, that "Adventures in the East being ended, he prefers to return to England, Home, and Beauty, for in all his wanderings he has never forgotten the gentle lady who had won his heart, and he dearly loves his native land."

Which was very pretty, but merely his tape: for he never did return to the gentle lady. When the Curtain finally descended he was still in the royal box, with the Prince and the Ladies of the Harem, witnessing the sports by Genuine Arabs, and Grand Ballet of the East. He really ought to have gone back, if only to give a lucid and spirited account of his adventures to the fair ISABELLE in his best tape.

But if the story is, as has been hinted, just a trifle difficult to follow, that matters little enough in a spectacle so brilliant and exhilarating as "Constantinople," which no one will see once without desiring to see again, and as many times as possible.

WISSELINGH WITHOUT A WHISTLER.

A REAL TREAT. In a quiet little room at the Gallery of E. J. VAN WISSELINGH, at 14, Brook Street, is to be seen a charming exhibition of pictures by French and Dutch masters. Hearing the name of the exhibitor—WISSELINGH—it naturally *sauve aux lèvres* to ask for specimens of WHISTLER. But though JAMES MCNEILE has exhibited in France, nothing from the Whistlerian brush is here. You will see two

delightful specimens of J. F. MILLET, Nos. 4 and 5. Note 5 especially, "A Picture of We Three." Three donkeys out in a storm. So like them! It was not painted in England, or the landscape might possibly, in keeping with the subject, have been "Near Bray." A lovely bit of Conor too, is "The Lake," No. 22. Any visitor hungering after his neighbour's pictures could take "bit of Conor" and be satisfied.

After the storm comes the calm, which is to be found in "The Pool" (a favourite with all billiard players), also by Conor. It represents an awfully dull and gloomy kind of haunted house; Nature being quiescent after having had "a bad night of it." Don't miss No. 15, "The



"My Old Dutch!"

Young Bull," by C. TROYON, representing a youthful animal revolving in his mind what his capacity of strength may be, and what he shall *troy-on* next. But of all the woodland scenes, for choice give us (and we'll take it with pleasure) No. 29, by N. DIAZ called "The Forest." It is a glade in Fontainebleau. Exquisite! What is its size? Eighteen inches by twelve—there or thereabouts; and yet, as you sit in front of it, it shuts out the surroundings, and the picture grows and grows, like the Genie in the *Arabian Nights*, until it dominates the spectator, who will only wake from his dream when he finds he cannot lie down under that tree, shading himself from the sunlight, to enjoy a quiet, thoughtful post-prandial pipe. "No smoking here, Sir," says the gentle guardian, and you wake up from your reverie to find yourself in the show-room, and with several pictures still to be seen.

It is quite in keeping with our dreamy state that we should turn hopefully to "The Edge of the Wood," by ROUSSEAU (18), aroused as we are from what has been not far removed from "Rousseau's Dream." Yet what time of day is this when we find ourselves at this point? Is it sunrise, or is it sunset? "By this light I cannot

tell!" And the reply, for the nonce, may be provided by that ancient Greek Scholastikos, who to a somewhat similar query replied "that he didn't know, as he was a stranger in those parts." Well, if sunset, the sooner we're away the better; but if sunrise, let us pio-nic here, and merrily pass the day under the greenwood trees.

Of JOSEF ISRAELS there are some excellent specimens, and those who up to now "knew not JOSEF" should lose no time in visiting this collection. Note "The Task," or, as its second title might be, "A Stitch in Time saves Nine," representing a girl making the most of "The light that fades." Very perfect and yet a "sow-sow" subject. Another of JOSEF's is No. 21, "The Toy Boat," which, adapted, might be taken as representing our shipbuilding authorities considering their latest venture. Here are three fisher-girls watching the progress of a *sabot* which has been rigged up as a vessel. "Tis a *sabot*, and one of our naval authorities would certainly have "put his foot in it."

Then later on, at No. 38, JOSEF gives us "A Fisher-Girl" alone, coming home empty handed, with no nets, suggesting a general idea of "hard lines," and her strong legs and arms all mussels. Most effective. Then there is 41, also by JOSEF, a study of "A Breakfast," which is being eaten by a little girl, while the cat, who thinks that where there is enough for one there must be some for two, is anxiously watching the progress of the meal. Finally JOSEF gives us No. 43, "The Churcharden," which is "Prodigious!" It is St. Ledger Day, and the old "Dutch Uncle" is going over his account-books, while his wife knitting on anxiously watches him. "Tis all knitting, knit, knit, knitting. And 'tis all knitting at our house at home."

Mr. J. S. FORBES is, we believe, the fortunate possessor of most of these pictures, which, as a great benefactor of his art-loving fellow-creatures, he is now exhibiting to the public; and proud and happy may he be to point to himself as the possessor of "My Old Dutch."

IS FLIRTING ON THE INCREASE?

MR. PUNCH has been applying his great mind to this question. Living, as he does, amidst a bevy of the most beautiful girls in this or any other country, he has exceptional opportunities for coming to an accurate conclusion on the point. Mr. Punch would be false to himself if he forgot for a moment the distressing circumstances that attended the rupture of his own domestic happiness and the removal from his side of the fondly-cherished partner of his joys and sorrows. Since that melancholy event Mr. Punch has lived a strictly single life. But there have been alleviations, and one of the chief has been the society of delightful charmers who are not averse to flirting. Why shouldn't they flirt, bless their pretty eyes? Think of life without any flirting amenities. How inexpressibly dull it would be. To know not only that all one's gallant *badinage* would be taken at the foot of the letter (by the way, never write letters; they are too compromising), but farther that you yourself were bound to see an abyss of solemn meaning in every dimple, a vista of conjugal possibilities in every wreathed smile—that would be far too horrible. Monasteries and Nunneries would cover the land and teem with inhabitants. No, no! While life endures let flirting, with its gay and sportive trivialities so abhorrent to prigs and dullards, continue and increase. *Punchius dixit.*

"FANCY!" exclaimed Mrs. R. "Why I remember hearing the name of 'Pizarro' when I was quite a child! There was a play all about him; and last week I heard somebody read out from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that his mummy had been found! What a very old woman she must be! Quite a centipede!!!"



WHAT IT WILL SOON COME TO.

Miss Sampson. "PRAY LET ME CARRY YOUR BAG, MR. SMITHREEN!"

THE RIVAL HOUSES.

(A Shakespearian Scene at St. Stephen's.)

Sampson	S-L-SB-RY.
Gregory	D-V-NSH-RE.
Abraham	G-L-DST-NE.
Balthasar	H-RC-RT.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry Bills for the other House.

Gre. No, for then we should be the other House's Bill-posters.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while we live we'll draw our neck out of their collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. And thou art quickly moved to strike. Sam. I' faith I can flout it and fleer it as well as any man of them, or master either. A dog of their House moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Being moved thou standest; but when thou standest, and shouldst stand firm, too often thou art moved, to run away.

Sam. A dog of that House shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man of that House.

Gre. That should show thee a weak lath, though painted—as one hath bitingly said—to resemble iron; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True: and therefore will I thrust their men to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one. And, till our masters make bold to speak out we, their men, may ruffle it bravely. I trust that our masters anon shall follow us in this; then shall we have fair sport and final victory, the thrasonic hectoring of their most word-valiant swash-buckler, BOMBASTES - BALTHASAR, notwithstanding. I will show myself a tyrant, a part for the which I have ever felt a native fitness. To vanquish vulgar foes of that House, and vanquishing to drub soundly, and soundly drubbing to rail at roundly, was ever my delight. When I have fought with their men, I will be cruel with their measures; I will mangle them, and cast forth their remains to the carrion crows.

Gre. Thou wert ever a master-mangler, and as sworn friend to the vultures and crows as any Mars.

Sam. Mars was but a Pagan, and is no more. I warrant I am as pretty a piece of flesh as ever was he, and the vulgar horny-handed proletarian club-foot god Vulcan shall not catch me in his net withal.

Gre. Humph! The Labour-God's net is now cast wide, and hath strong meshes, as many pot-valiant patrician sword-wielders have found, and yet may find.

Sam. Pooh! Thou wert ever of too temperate and temporising a temper for a true champion of our House. What saidst thou some ten years since concerning the powers and privileges of our noble House? One who hath aforetime worn the livery of our foes—

Gre. A word in thine ear, oh swaggerer! Where now were thine House and thee, save for the auxiliary championship thou now wouldest deride, forsooth?

Sam. Nay, nay, I would not quarrel. But why dost cross me in my more valiant moods? 'Twas but the other day thou didst trip me up on a tickle point pertinent to the interests of our House. Thou wouldest compound for privileges as some poor-spirited householders do for their rates, eh?

Gre. Ah, galls it there, SAMPSON? 'Tis well, an thou but knewst it, thou hast my cool discretion to temper thy heady valour. However, here is instant opportunity of proving the latter. Draw thy weapon: here come two of the House thou hatest.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee!

Gre. Thou dost not mean back down?

Sam. Fear me not!

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee?

Sam. Let us take the law of our side: let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

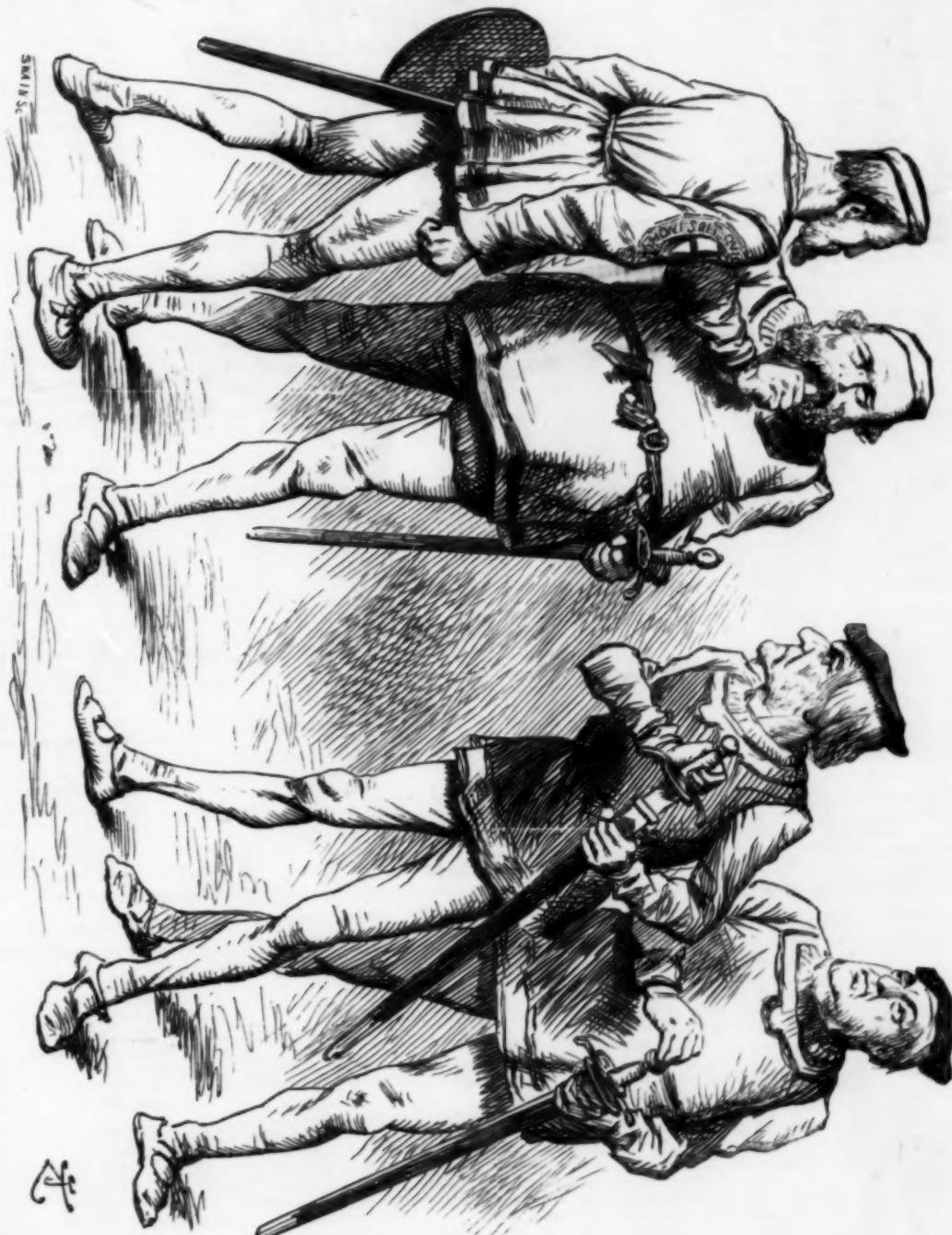
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. (aside). Is the law of our side if I say "ay"?

[Left considering.]

DRAMATIC "PROS" AND CONS.—It is reported, according to the *Athenaeum*, that a Mr. SUTTON VANE is to collaborate with Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS in the production of the next Drury Lane Drama. What is in a name? Why, this new author has come to the front quite Suttonly. Which fact would make him vain were he not so already. But, *per contra*, success is very unsutton.

FROM THE POULTERER'S POINT OF VIEW.—A PHEASANT is a pluckier bird than even a fighting-cock. The former always "dies game," the latter never can.



THE RIVAL HOUSES.

ABRAHAM ("MR. G."), "DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?"
SAMPSON (L.D., S-L-SH-RR). "I DO BITE MY THUMB, SIR."
ABRAHAM. "DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?"

SAMPSON (*aside to* GREGORY, *Duke of* D-*EV-NSH-DE*). "IS THE LAW OF
OUR SIDE IF I SAY 'AY'?"
BALTHASAR (*Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT*).
Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Scene 1.

SAMPSON (*aside to GREGORY, Duke of D-V-NASH-RE*), "IS THE LAW OF
OUR SIDE IF I SAY 'AY'?"
BALTHASAR (Sir W-LLM H-RE-RT). *Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Scene I.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. FRANCIS ADAMS, the writer of *The New Egypt*, is, we are told, dead—dying almost literally pen in hand, hurrying to finish this cherished work before he turned his face to the wall. It is a circumstance that makes it the more pleasant to be able honestly to esteem the book. Mr. ADAMS was, perhaps, inclined too-seriously to regard himself and his self-appointed task of telling an ignorant world all about Egypt. He resents any other authorities who have written on the subject, and even, my Baronite tells me, speaks disrespectfully of Mr. MOBERLEY BELL. He reserves his unqualified approval for the young Khédive, with whom, on behalf of an enterprising London evening paper, he had an interview. The chapter in which this conversation is reproduced throws a strong light on the character of a personage who seems disposed just now to come into unexpected prominence, a tendency which makes opportune Mr. FISHER UNWIN's publication of this work.

"My dear Baron, what do you think of it?" "My dear Sir," replies the Baron, "when a novel brought out by that astute publisher Mr. HEINEMANN has not only reached its Nineteenth Thousand but has also passed into the enormous circulation of a cheap edition in one volume, it is rather late in the day to ask me, the Baron, to express any opinion on its merits: though, by the way, I would far rather pronounce on these than on its demerits. Frankly, then, I must admit that as long as the *Heavenly Twins* were on the scene as girl and boy together, their diversions delighted me hugely, and I am



THE G. O. M. AND THE QUEER OYSTER.

bound to admit that I looked upon all the other characters in the somewhat meandering story as rather—excuse me—wearisome intruders. The real persons of the real story seemed to me to belong to what Mr. RIDER HAGGARD would style 'another story.' I should have liked the Twins, and only the Twins. Finally, the Twins disappointed me." "What did you expect Baron?" "Ah, that is somewhat difficult to answer either to my own or the inquirer's satisfaction. The Twins themselves are a creation: the epithet 'Heavenly' for these two mischievous little fiends is admirable. The gods love them, yet they live on, and become mere mortals. True: life-like: but an unromantic finish after so much romance. Yet 'tis a remarkable book, leaving me under the impression that SARAH GRAND, the clever literary mother of these *Heavenly Twins*, had not quite made up her own mind as to their treatment. The public has, however, taken lovingly to the Twins, and everywhere they are universally popular." So the Baron, adopting the practical Pickwickian solution of the electioneering problem, "shouts with the biggest crowd."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OF THE DUTCH PAINTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN matters of painting the fault of the Dutch Was asking too little, and doing too much.

RADICALLY INCURABLE.—Our Own Rad sends us the following definition: "LICENCED 'WHITTLERS'—THE LORDS."

TO MR. PUNCH.

(See "To Maud," February 17, p. 77.)

DEAR Mr. PUNCH, last week I sent Through you a Valentine to MAUD. To dodge her mother thus I meant— They happen both to be abroad.

No doubt MAUD saw it; but, alas! The ways of artists are so shady, [lass Your picture of a lovely Was quite another different lady.

The fault, indeed, cannot be mine; I could not help it. All the same I trust you'll let me send this line To MAUD, to say I'm free from blame.



Though if she's angry, and should use As to myself severest stricture, I swear I mean instead to choose The charming lady in the picture!

T'OTHER ALTERNATIVE.

(As it presents itself to the Official Mind.) It is all very well, in high militant mood, When HAROURT's invective is firing your blood, To swear you will "mend them or end But somehow, whenever it comes to the pinch, From complete spiffication instanter we flinch, And are very content if we bend them! To leave your opponents all dead on the field Sounds lovely,—but what can you do if they yield?" [ing loud Bare fists, and big drums, and guns thunder— Are alike ineffective—to fight with a cloud.

"THE BOMB OUTRAGE IN PARIS."—Under this heading in the *Standard* of last Saturday came the startling announcement,—"Henry's lodgings searched!" "HENRY!" How delighted "EDMUND" must have been!

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.

SIR.—Permit me to offer you a "Mem. for a Daily Diary."—Twelfth Night. To assist one in producing a Shakespearean play, and for finding an actress capable of doing justice to its heroine, it would be difficult, than ADA REHAN, to find an Aider and a better. After this I may be indignantly asked "how dare I thus recklessly pun upon the name of so excellent an actress?" Whereunto I am bound to reply with just one more, and say, according to the French proverb, "Rehan n'est sacré pour un sapeur."



Ada as "Viola."

Le sapeur? C'est moi! And sorry shall I be when the DALIES leave us, and the word goes forth, "Rehan ne va plus!"

Yours, LE SAPEUR.

ROMPING LANCERS.

PRETTY partner, come and dance
In these lively Lancers;
Do not let us lose the chance—
Join the wildest dancers.
Think not now of being prim,
Though the chaperons look
grim;
Graceful figure, lithe and slim,
Eyes, which tears so rarely dim,
Little feet that lightly skim,
Suit the romping Lancers.

Let us caper wildly, then,
Thoughtless of appearance,
Other giddy girls and men
With us make a clearance.
Where we all so gaily go,
In and out, and to and fro,
Round and round, and in a row,
Quite hilarious, you know,
Thoughtless of appearance.

See what jolly fun we get,
Prudes would call us frantic,
In a quite rampageous set,
Seeking any antic.
Now we "visit," now we twirl,
In a wildly giddy whirl,
Laughing man and breathless
girl;
Let them call us frantic.

Doubtless Minuets for grace
Beat the romping Lancers,
Yet your smiles and rosy face
Show the other dancers
That you like, at times, the way
We, in energetic play,
Dance the romping Lancers.

INCREDIBLE.—"A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE GIRL" writes to the *Daily News* on the subject of flirting. Surely there can be no lack of flirting in the county of Bucks!



SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.

"YOU LOOK TIRED, MY LORD!"

"YES, SMITHERS; I'M AFRAID ALL THIS CORRESPONDENCE IS GETTING TOO MUCH FOR ME!"

"SO I'VE BEEN THINKING, MY LORD. IF I MIGHT PRESUME TO ADVISE, WHAT I SHOULD SAY IS, 'IRE A COLONIAL!'"

THE WISDOM OF THE TURTLE.

(*A Fable for London the Great and London the Greater.*)

A MAN once made up his mind to give a feast to the lower animals of the field. But that they might all be satisfied he determined on asking their opinions about the bill of fare. He first came to the Donkey, who was educating himself on thistles.

"Would you like turtle-soup on the *menu*?" questioned the Man.

"Although I am a member of the School Board, I am not such an ass as to think that such a toothsome dish would be otherwise than excellent."

Satisfied with this reply, the Man travelled on until he came to some parochial geese who were dawdling about a pump.

"Would you not like a banquet?" asked the Man.

"We are not sure!" hissed out the Geese. "What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us. We object to change."

"But," persisted the Man, "if I do provide you with a banquet, you would like the feast to commence with turtle-soup?"

"We are not such geese as not to be pleased with that," answered the Geese. "It stands to reason that if we get turtle gratis, we must be the gainers by the transaction."

Pleased that his suggestion had been taken in such good part, the Man continued his journey until he came to a fox.

"Hullo, my friend," said the Man, "I see you are no longer a member of the Board of Works; you have changed your quarters."

"Yes," returned the Fox; "but not my nature. My new place is called the L. C. C. However, you must not detain me, as I am excessively busy in doing nothing in particular. What do you want?"

"Well," returned the Man, not too well pleased at the reception of his civility; "I was thinking of asking you to a banquet, and heading the *menu* with a plate of turtle-soup."

"Quite right," replied the Fox; "but as I consider the turtle my own particular property, I shan't thank you for *that* plate. However, you may as well serve him up."

The Man walked on, and at length arrived at the home of the turtle.

"My good friend," said the representative of humanity, "I am going to give a banquet to your neighbours, the Donkey, the Fox, and the Geese. Can you suggest an appropriate *menu*?"

"Why not let the Fox eat the Geese, and the Donkey might continue to munch his thistles."

"But they all say they would like to devour you," began the Man in a studiously polite tone; "and I don't see how I can disappoint them."

"Why not?" asked the Turtle. "I am sure they do not appreciate me as much as I appreciate myself."

"Well, well, I am afraid it is settled. But as you are a most respectable creature, I do not mind you telling me how you would like yourself to be cooked."

"It seems to me rather waste of time to comply with such a suggestion. I don't want to be cooked, and I decline to be eaten."

"Well, at least you will give every assistance in serving yourself up at table?"

"Not at all. You have no right to expect it. And you know that it is more than you would get from a goose, a fox, or even an ass."

And the Man, being an average man, in his heart of hearts believed that the Turtle was in the right.

MORAL.—When dealing with the rights of the City of London, it is waste of time to recommend the wrongs of the Japanese happy dispatch.

"So," said our old friend, who always gets hold of the correct version of any news, "so the Princess CHRISTIAN is going to open a school for Designing Young Women. Excellent! Of course, to begin with, the Princess CHRISTIAN will teach them Christianity."

APPROPRIATE.—The case about *Charley's Aunt* was heard before CHARLES,—i.e., "Mr. Justice" of that ilk.

THE CONSTABLE'S VADE MECUM.

(*Lated Home Office Edition.*)

Question. If you see a man attempting to get into a private house through the parlour-window, would you arrest him?

Answer. I think not.

Q. Quite right. And if you saw a man opening a kitchen-door with a file and a hammer would you seize him?

A. I do not think I would.

Q. Of course. And if you saw a man on the point of throwing a torch into a haystack would you take measures to prevent him from carrying his intention into effect?

A. Scarcely.

Q. Certainly. And if you noticed that a man was about to push his companion into the Thames would you interrupt him?

A. Hardly.

Q. Correct again. And if you noticed a man with an infernal machine that was evidently destined for some public building would you take the explosive from him?

A. On no account whatever.

Q. Absolutely accurate. And now to conclude. Why would you desist from arresting a burglar or housebreaker, an incendiary, a murderer, and an Anarchist?

A. Because I think it might do more harm than good!

ENGLISH SAILOR'S FRENCH MOTTO.—"Au revoir!" JACK translates it, "To the sea again!"

LAYS OF THE CURRENCY.

TO A FARTHING.

On! little coin that dangles on my chain,
Like Captain SHAW, "type of true love kept under,"
The sight of you brings with it much of pain,
And, seeing how I got you, that's small wonder.

It is a tragic story. She was fair;

She had the kind of look that might embolden
The humblest man to take heart to hope. Her hair,
I hardly need to add, as good as golden.

We met, not in the customary crowd,
But at a small, select, swell Cinderella.

When we were introduced, she sweetly bowed—
Well, ere the dance was done, I called her BELLA.

I know that it was rash, but then her eyes
Spoke liquid nothings to my heated passion,
And looked at me in startled, sweet surprise,
In quite the truest amatory fashion.

We said good-bye. I did not sleep that night.
But paced my lonely chamber half-demented.
Next day I called. Imagine my delight
When I said "Will you wed?" and she consented.

Three weeks of most ecstatic bliss were mine,
And then the seeming gold proved worthless pewter.
The scales fell off my blinded eyes. In fine,
She wrote to say she found I didn't suit her!

"And so for both our sakes, we part." My jaw fell when I read her note. Soon my distraction

Came to an end. I flew from love to law,
And brought at once a breach of promise action.

Retained on my behalf were three Q.C.'s,
They one and all advised me naught could save her.

For I should win the day with utmost ease,
And get a swinging verdict in my favour.

The day arrived. The Court was crowded out

With dames who spend their time in never missing

A cause célèbre, whilst perplexed with doubt
The Judge said, "Kissing—dear me, what is 'kissing'?"

She wore a lovely gown of coloured silk,
A dream in dresses, and she smiled so sweetly,
Whilst I confess that she knew how to bilk
My counsel in her answers most completely.

Well in the end of this forensic fight
My case alas! become a Sun and Star thing,
The jury gave me, not the Widow's Mite,
But you, my sweet, sad coin, the Maiden's Farthing.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.



"OLD JOE AND YOUNG JOE."

Joe, Junior, explains the Double-headed Parish-District trick to an admiring audience at the Unionist Séance, Thursday, February 15.

So when I look at you with eyes that fill
With tears that can't but come, in, out of season,

Remember, shameless BELLA (with my Bill
Of costs) is just the real romantic reason!

Mrs. R. on ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES.—"I see," observed our excellent friend, "that in the *Daily Telegraph* a correspondent has been asking why a few of our clergymen call themselves 'Fathers.' Well, as most clergymen of my acquaintance are married men with small means and very large families, I don't see why they shouldn't be called just what they are, and that is, 'Fathers.' It's much more sensible than calling clergy 'Fathers' who are not allowed to marry, and are bound to remain what they call 'Silly-bits,' which seems to me a foolish title."

MOST LIBERAL TERMS!—The following appeared in the *Morning Post* of Feb. 16:—

A BED-ROOM (first floor) for a Gentleman near Victoria and Belgrave Square; terms 15 guineas weekly, in advance; gas and boots inclusive; partial board if required.—Write, &c.

How cheap! Only fifteen guineas weekly, with gas and boots!!

DIARY OF AN EXTINGUISHED PERSONAGE.

(Second Instalment.)

Preface.—This important work may be fragmentary, but for all that it is important. It is important, because it tells the story of a most important personage. I am the most important personage, and I tell the story. I not only tell this story, but lots of others. And why do I this? Because I hate the brutal English. But hush! I must dissemble. Some one comes.

Some one goes. I can resume my writing. It was the English General. He declares that the next time I hit a Sergeant-Major over the head with an umbrella, I shall receive a thrashing myself! Oh the indignity! But I must dissemble—nay, I have dissembled. I have said that I was egged on by BANG UP BEY to attack the non-commissioned officer. I have been forgiven this time, but BANG UP BEY is to be sent off about his business. Well, I have consented to the degradation of BANG UP BEY. He is to cease to be Lord Grand Sugar-Stick in Waiting, but is to become Prince of Mesopotamia, and Knight Grand Cross of the Emerald Bowstring. I have done this, not to please BANG UP BEY (who is rather an ass), but to spite the English General!

Later.—What is this? What do I hear through the telephone? A celebrated actor dares to "take me off!" I have wired for an apology. I hear that the piece has been altered. Good—very good! I have told the English General that if it occurs again I will turn every "red-coat"

out of the country. The barbaric warrior has laughed, and says that if I do anything nonsensical (nonsensical! ha! ha! but a time will come!) I shall be taken off the throne of my ancestors! I am foaming at the mouth with rage, but I have apologised!

Later still.—I have sent a note round to all the Powers complaining of the treatment to which I have been subjected. The English General has called declaring that he won't post my letters. What ho, my guards! This is treason! The reply of the General is to box my ears! I wish he wouldn't, he does hit so hard!

Later yet.—My master at Constantinople has wired to me "not to play the fool." Disgraceful! However, my haughty spirit is not to be crushed by threats. I have declared war against Europe!

Latest.—Boohoo! Boohoo!! Boohoo!!! They have sent me to bed without my tea! And I am told that if I am not a better boy to-morrow I am to go back to school at Vienna! Oh, boohoo! I am so unhappy! Oh, boohoo! Boohoo!! Boohoo!!!

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.—Which is the more desirable to be, a worthless scamp or a precious bore?

TOBY, M.P., IN THE TROPICS.

R.M.S. "Pembroke Castle." *Madeira, Thursday.*—Very particular to tell steward to call us this morning at six o'clock. Ship due at that hour at Funchal. At 6.30 party arranged to go ashore and see Madeira. Ship coaling. Notice given that all passengers must be aboard by 9.30 a.m. Awakened at dead of night by uproar; voices rising high in unknown tongue; pitch-dark in cabin; put on pyjamas and grope way on deck. Madeira lying a biscuit-throw off.



Toby just off the Pint of Madeira.

fleet of chair-laden boats; one or two follow. Impossible to conceive English passenger, just arrived, not wanting wicker-work chairs. On the pier enthusiastic reception by the halt, the lame, the blind, and the interpreters. These natives plainly thought if we hadn't come to Madeira to buy chairs, must have come to see them, and give them shillings. Gently tried to disillusion them; no use; followed us in triumphant procession to hotel; took kindly interest in our ordering breakfast; saw us into the ox-carts which dragged us up the steep, stony hill to roof of island. Nothing escaped the blind man's eye. A gentleman exceptionally endowed with total absence of fingers and thumbs persistently thrust the soiled stumps under our nose, as if we had come to Madeira to smell them. As the oxen tugged at the sledges, the procession tailed off; the blind man lost sight of us; the lame gentleman ceased from running; the thumbless citizen, thrusting his stumps into the sides of his trousers, moodily strode off.

The rest of the population came out to see us pass. Men and women curiously like natives of the West of Ireland. Having lumbered to top of hill in the ox-drawn sledges, came down like flash of lightning on other side of town, in sort of clothes-basket, which glides at rollicking pace over smooth cobble-stones, a sturdy Galway peasant guiding and restraining it by ropes attached to front of basket. Pleasant the air on these lofty heights. On journey down we flash by red and white walls overgrown with roses, heliotrope, and cyclamen, with oranges gleaming in the groves, and bananas peeping up from every garden.

Half way down men suddenly pull up, and explain that they are "going to have a drink." A pleasant halting-place, with the sea below and the soft air scented with heliotrope. Even under rule of Portugal Madeira is free. If a man would drink the wine of his native country who shall say him nay? So we sit and wait their pleasure, thankful to be delivered from our body-guard down in the town.

After a while woman comes out with tray which she hands round; we say "no"; we do not care about taking wine at this early hour; she remonstrates; argues; entreats; grows angry; goes away; comes back with interpreter. He explains she wants "ze monish." It appears that our light-hearted porters, having invited themselves to take refreshment, we have to pay for it.

This we do, and dash on again, pulling up at door of hotel, nearly running over the lame gentleman, causing the blind man to skip out of the way with amazing alacrity, and convulsing our fingerless friend with joy at seeing us once again. To them enter four more interpreters (who loudly ordered everybody about in our interest), a boy leading the opposition blind man, and a voluble bald man who sold canaries. Three shillings each they were if taken singly; but if the whole lot were purchased, he would sacrifice everything and let them go for "ten schelling."

Boy who led the opposition blind man will be heard of later in life. Finding no one would give him sixpence he produced six pennyworth of coppers and blandly offered change to gentlemen

whose charitable impulses might be hampered by not having any. This was a deal which, if effected, would have made two profits, English copper is a drug in the Madeira market; shop-keepers willingly give thirteen pence for a silver shilling.

Young *Shylock* would have made a halfpenny on exchange in addition to the eleemosynary coppers handed to him.

After breakfast found our friends, the lame, the halt, and the blind, fresher than ever, awaiting us. Escorted us to boat, and saw us embark, with kindest expression of regret at our too brief stay in their beautiful island. The fingerless gentleman wanted to shake hands; pretended not to see the friendly advance, and, nodding to the blind man, stepped into the boat, the men refusing to put off till we had paid our fare.

"TRYING A MAGISTRATE."

[The Board of Trade have been for four months "considering" the request of the Magistrate at Marylebone Police Court to be furnished with a pedometer (for measuring cab-fare distances), in place of an old and useless one. The following is a page from a Blue-book that *may* be presented to Parliament—some day. It bears evidence of being a Report of a Departmental Sub-Committee.]

Utility of
Pedometers:
the evidence
taken.

Unusual
expedition
shown.

Attempts to
get the cost of
a new Machine
out of other
Public Bodies.

Replies of
the County
Council and
the School
Board.

Evidence of Land-Surveyors, Instrument-makers, Mechanical Experts, Cyclists, Umpires at Pedestrian Contests, and other authorities who might be expected to know something about the subject, was next taken as to the general construction of Pedometers.

Owing to the unexampled expedition with which you Sub-Committee conducted this important branch of the inquiry, only one year and six months was taken up in the examination of witnesses, whose evidence will be found in pages 575 to 2864 of this Report.

The efforts of your Sub-Committee were naturally directed at an early period to the question of whether the cost of obtaining a Pedometer for the Marylebone Police Court could not be debited to any other Public Department or Body. It appeared that on this suggestion having been made to the learned Magistrate, he had put himself in communication, successively, with the London County Council, the London School Board, the City Corporation, some of the Vestries, the Charity Organisation Society, the Ragged School Committee, the Soup Kitchen Association, and private philanthropists. The replies of these bodies and individuals will be found in Appendix B, and affords, the Sub-Committee believes, some reading of quite unique interest.

It will be seen that the London County Council offered to purchase a second-hand Pedometer for the Court "on condition that it was only worked for eight hours a day, and that every person residing in any street which had to be measured should have an extra penny put on to his rates." The London School Board took up the position that, though a Pedometer might be described as an educational instrument, they would not be justified in paying for one "unless the maker were certified by an Archbishop and at least three Bishops to be able to repeat the Thirty-nine Articles backwards without a mistake."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

(With a Box of Sweets.)

SWEETS to the sweet—that is I fear an old

Remark to make to one so young as you are,
Would that this box were worth its weight in gold
To be a gift worth giving you, which few are.

Some *marrons glacés*, chestnuts, sugared ice,
In this small box are delicately *plaçés*.
My jokes are sometimes chestnuts—not so nice—
And yet you laugh at them, you're never *glacée*.

WHY is an eminent individual who has been honoured by being admitted Knight of the Order of the Garter, like a canary in a bird-fancier's shop?

Simple Answer. Because he is "K.G.'d" (*ca-gé'd*).

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- “MEDIUM,” Blue label.
- “FULL,” Chocolate label.

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